

For R.

Beall L. Jones
The
Gleaner



JANUARY NUMBER

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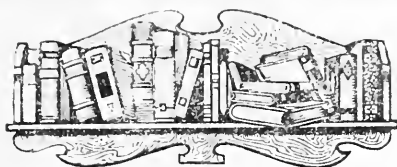
Philadelphia

The Gleaner

VOL. III

JANUARY, 1915

No. 15



Literae

VICTOR K. FISHLOWITZ, *Editor*

WHICH?

Recently I had occasion to visit the picturesque little city of Cairo, Illinois. The hotel at which I stayed was situated about one hundred yards from that ever-impetuous stream, the Mississippi river. A large piazza extended from the hotel to the water's edge. This piazza was my favorite retreat during my idle hours. There it was always pleasant and breezy; and in addition, there was the diversion of watching the movements of the river craft.

One evening I drew a steamer chair close to the edge of the piazza, and sat alone, contemplating the beauty of a big yellow moon's golden glimmer on the dark water. Now and then the splutter of a launch's engine would strike the ear. Louder and louder would come the sound, the boat being invisible until it came to the shiny strip of water illuminated by

the moon's rays. For an instant the craft would stand out in bold relief, each curve of its outline distinct in the moonlight. Then it would again go out of sight as quickly as it had appeared; and the explosions of the motor would become fainter and fainter, and finally inaudible. Again, there would go lumbering by the steamboats with their red and green lights; and the swish of their propellers churning the water sounded like the breathing of some unseen gigantic monster. It was all so absorbingly interesting that I did not know that another was sharing the prospect with me; and I was considerably frightened when a voice at my elbow said, "Good evening, young man."

It was very dark, but after a moment of perplexity I recognized the speaker as one of the gentlemen whose acquaintance I had

made at the hotel. He had come out to enjoy the evening air and had seen me sitting alone but was not sure that it was I until he had come quite close, for there were trees nearby, which intensified the darkness of the piazza. I drew up a chair for my friend and asked him to be seated, for I was glad to have a companion so congenial as I knew this gentleman to be. He was quite an aged man, one of the "oldest inhabitants" of Cairo. For a few minutes we exchanged small talk of the day. Then I happened to remark upon the beauty of the scene before us, all inky blackness except for the bright rippling band that stretched across the width of the river. The old man paused before replying.

"Yes," he finally said with a deep sigh, "it is truly beautiful. Yet the setting of this impressive picture, this same Mississippi is also the setting of my greatest sorrow. Often have I contemplated that I should permit this remorseless 'father of waters' to envelope me as it enveloped another, long ago."

The speaker paused. I could not see his face, owing to the darkness, but I could judge from the tremor of his voice that his emotion was extremely great. As he ceased speaking the old man rested his chin in the hollow of his hand, and remained in this position, motionless for a period that seemed interminable to me. Yet I refrained from disturbing him. Pres-

ently he continued just as if there had been no break in his talk. Without looking up he began: "But I reconsidered and decided that the dear ones who would remain must be remembered. Now I am convinced that suicide under any considerations is a crime."

The old gentleman suddenly roused himself at this point, and sat up straight.

"You will pardon my apparent abstraction, my young friend, in telling this story," he said apologetically.

I felt very queer and did not know how I ought to reply. I wanted to hear the tale and yet I was sorry that its recital caused my companion such evidently painful recollections. Before I could frame a sentence expressive of my real feelings I became aware of my friend's voice as he continued his narrative. He spoke very slowly:

"My father died when I was a mere boy; and my mother was left with little enough. But she never permitted me to be in want of anything. She would gratify the slightest desire that my boyish mind could imagine. As I grew older I saw that I ought to be more considerate of the kindness that was costing her a greater effort than I ever realized. But even then, when I no longer asked so freely, that angelic nature continued to provide just as liberally.

as ever. It was then that I awoke: of course I had always loved my mother, but now I began to really appreciate her. My efforts to reciprocate for untold kindnesses were perhaps meager, but genuine and sincere. Finally I came to that stage of devotedness that my every thought was of the best little mother that ever lived."

The speaker paused once more. It seemed as though he were looking directly at me but I felt that I was not actually within the scope of his vision even though I sat right before him. I moved a little nervously in my chair, and buttoned my coat, for the night breeze was becoming chilly. The only signs of life noticeable about my friend was the automatic brightening of the fiery tip of his cigar. But this, when I thought of it, appeared to be so regular that the smoker might be entirely unconscious of it.

So we sat, in this strange silence, my aged companion and I. Suddenly a screeching whistle announced the approach of a train along the opposite bank of the river. On it came, rumbling nearer and nearer. When it was just across from where we sat a red glare burst out, illuminating the sky: evidently the fireman had just opened the fire-box in order to add fuel. I turned to watch the flying red glow really to break the tension of the silence. At this

point my companion's voice recalled my attention to him.

"Let me see," he was saying, "oh, yes. I was telling you of my mother."

I was ready to apologize for my rudeness in having turned away, but now that he was speaking again, I did not think it proper to interrupt him. The old gentleman flipped the ash from his cigar, and placing one of his hands on my knee, he proceeded:

"Perhaps, my dear boy, you have some idea now of how I regarded my mother. But I am not so sure you will understand another love that later came into my life. I thought I would never marry, but would devote myself entirely to my mother. However, I discovered that I could add to her joy and to mine also some time later when I met a lady who afterwards became my wife. It might be supposed that I could not be so devoted to both as I had formerly been to one. But I found that love is improved with division, for I loved the more for having more to love."

My friend stopped long enough to take a few puffs of his cigar before he spoke again. I listened intently as he went on:

"I do not often tell this, but the time and place seem to have put me into the mood. To continue my story: I became a successful business man, prosperous in fact to the extent of affluence. Some-

few years ago I purchased a gasoline launch, and, many pleasant hours did I spend on the river with my family. Not so very long after the purchase of the boat I decided to take my wife and mother on a pleasure trip. I proposed to cruise down to the Gulf. So we arranged everything necessary, and set out from here early one June morning. All went well that day; it was so delightful to travel in our little craft that it became quite dark before we thought of seeking a harbor in which to moor the launch for the night. Before I could locate a satisfactory little bay or cove, something happened. An explosion threw us all into the water. I did not have time to think, it had transpired so unexpectedly. The real cause of the disaster is still a mystery to me."

I became excited as I heard the story of the accident, and refrained with difficulty from asking the many questions that almost forced themselves from my lips. The speaker paused and puffed nervously at his cigar. I felt an increased pressure of his hand on my knee as he resumed.

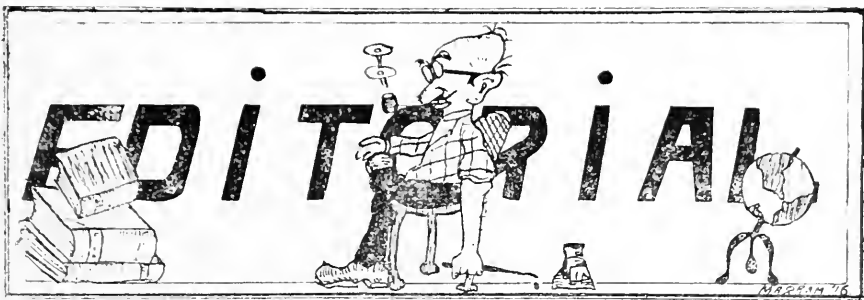
"I managed to reach my mother and my wife and started to swim with my precious burdens. They both had fainted from fear and exposure, and as they offered no resistance such as would have naturally been the case had they not lost consciousness, it was compara-

tively easy for me to propel them shoreward. The fact that I was rescuing these most dear to me had the effect of producing a sensation akin to joy, even there in the ugly, muddy water. It must have been a mixture of gratitude that they were safe in my arms; and the realization that I was fulfilling a duty; a sacred obligation."

A sigh of relief escaped me as I heard these words. The account I had expected was so different from what I was hearing, that I actually rejoiced that the horrible pictures which my imagination had painted were not to be presented as realities after all. I relaxed from the state of nervous tension and anxiety which the vivid portrayal of the accident had inspired, and listened calmly to the speaker who was continuing without interruption of any sort. There was, however, a note in his voice that I could not understand; it was a peculiar, sympathetic tone. I thought at the time that it was probably due to his continuous talking. At any rate it did not hinder his recital which continued as follows:

"Suddenly a thrill went through me; I felt that my strength was failing. My calls for help resulted only in a mocking echo. It became plain to my heated brain that I could not endure with both my cherished burdens, in my struggle with the current. The thong

(Continued on page 9)



The Cleaner

BENJAMIN WADE, Editor-in-Chief

VICTOR K. FISHLOWITZ, Literae

HARRY ZACK, Agriculture

SAMUEL DORIMAN, Athletics

NATHAN MAGRAM, Class and Club

BENJAMIN WADE, Exchange

BENJAMIN SMITH, Art

SOLOMON SHAPERO, Business Manager

LEON PLEISHMAN, Advertisements

JULIUS SIEGHI, Circulation

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Editorial

With the advent of the New Year, it is high tide for passing resolutions. Resolutions to achieve and acquire that which we have not attained. Resolutions that will benefit us and advance us morally, mentally and physically. Resolutions that will further our scope of knowledge, integrity and experience. This year above all other years of the past, we are sorely in need of resolutions, but

we are rather in a predicament as to what resolutions are most advantageous and expedient to us.

The student, this year as in any other year, is not confronted with the serious problem of what kind of a resolution to pass. His resolutions lie in the method of obtaining the best results from his studies. A resolution of patience and perseverance will aid him. A resolution to burn midnight oil might often be of great avail to him.

The business man will this year as in any other year not have to go very far in search of a resolution which is to bring him the greatest gains. Honesty, caution, premeditative action, energy and perseverance are sufficient for him to obtain good results. The working man too will find that resolutions of efficiency, strong solidarity and class-conscious education might help him in his lot and ameliorate the burden to which he is subjected. But the greatest task of passing a satisfying resolution lies before the American people.

Now, the "season for resolutions," finds us confronted with one of the gravest problems which sooner or later we are to overcome. The problem, that of larger armament, stronger national defence and a broader scope of militarism, to which the European catastrophe so modestly and naively hints, is about to be argued. The American people through its Congress will soon be called to the task of either passing or rejecting such a resolution.

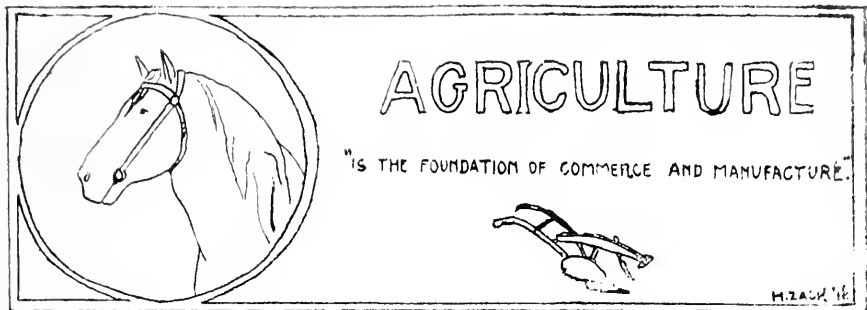
Many of the bolder and strong-natured men—men of war-like disposition will on the floor of Congress hurl arguments of the need of better military equipments and a larger standing army, while those sentimentally tinged and liberally imbued will contend for the negative. It is rather lamentable to note that America, the symbol for peace, is to face stubborn and resistant arguments for a bigger militarism. Yet a careful scrutiny of affairs tends to beg for a stronger

national defence. It is quite altruistic and even liberal (on our part) to set an example to the world, in the lack of militarism, despite social evolution and the material conditions that point toward militarism. It is true that such a course heralds the advancement of civilization and culture, but our peace is not necessarily insured. As long as the nations of Europe cling to huge armament, we dare not play the pioneer.

No doubt "Washington" with its horde of sociologists and diplomats will give the matter their most earnest consideration, and during this year accept a resolution that will benefit our country.

With this issue the new staff assumes full responsibility of publishing the GLEANER. We cannot help experiencing a feeling of uncertainty; and the uneasiness of the novice, but at the same time a feeling of straining every effort to do the most and hope for the best. We are summoned to a duty which through the co-operation of every member on the staff and the GLEANER ASSOCIATION, we could easily fulfil.

We are extremely sorry that the new staff cannot any more enlist the aid of the outgoing editor-in-chief, Mr. Billeg, whose untiring and ceaseless efforts wrested the GLEANER from what it was to what it is. We hope that during his stay in school, the GLEANER will not only reap the benefit of his moral support but also his immediate material service.



Harry Zack, Editor.

HISTORY OF AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

The promotion of agricultural education has become such a world-wide movement, that there is now scarcely any civilized government, which does not provide for instruction along agricultural lines.

The faith of the people of the United States in practical education for the farmer, is becoming more apparent each year, in the better support given to agricultural colleges and the establishment of special courses in universities and private colleges and schools. The success of the agricultural college has led to the establishment of secondary schools of agriculture and courses in rural high schools. Elementary training in agriculture is also progressing rapidly through the aid of corn clubs, childrens gardens, juvenile agricultural club work.

The first movements in agricultural education were merely pri-

vate enterprises and were only of local benefit. These were agricultural societies who issued the proceedings of their meetings, what could be called the forerunners of the present system of "bulletin reports."

Congress first took an active interest in the position of agricultural interest in 1839 when provisions were made for the collection of agricultural statistics investigations, promoting of rural economy and the procurement of new plants and seeds.

This work was gradually developed and investigations in entomology, chemistry and botany were provided for, so that in 1862 the Department of Agriculture was first established.

The first agricultural schools were small land grant colleges, under private management. These proved successful, so that between 1853 and 1850 the states of New York Maryland Michigan and Pennsylvania established state col-

leges for instruction along agricultural lines. Since the appropriation made in 1890 by the Federal Government to each state there is now organized over 70 agricultural colleges.

The experiment station was a direct accessory to the work of the agricultural colleges. Their first work was the chemical analysis of soils and fertilizers. This has gradually extended to all the practical problems that a farmer has to deal with. The results of the propagation of harder plants, researches of farming conditions at home and abroad opened a bigger field for American farming. The results are published and supplied to the homes of the farmers.

It was fully thirty years after the establishment of the first state agricultural college that the first successful agricultural high school was opened in Minnesota. Similar schools with two or three years of preparatory or practical courses for training young men for an agricultural life, without compelling them to take a long course in mathematics, language and the primary sciences, are now maintained in connection with the agricultural colleges.

In making the farm home a social department in institute work, through the organization of women's societies the great importance of women's work in unbuilding the farm is recognized by the state. The institute does in educating the women in the home what

the experimental station does for the man on the field.

The production of literature for the advancement of agriculture has engaged the attention of agricultural promoters, but it is only during the late part of the last century that these books and agricultural periodicals have been supplied to farmers. Agricultural libraries have increased in number of volumes on general farm topics. The Government bulletins impart a great deal of new and practical information. Grange, farm clubs, institutes have helped create a demand for books and have helped to meet the demand.

In conclusion it must be said that the farmers as a whole are willing and anxious for an education.

FARM NOTES

MAIN FARM

Although Lake Archer was not filled this year, our two hundred ton icehouse was filled during the early part of this month with ice hauled from the Neshaminy Creek.

The barnyard has been greatly improved with a grading of ashes and gravel.

The orchard department is progressing rapidly with the pruning. The vineyard and most of the peach orchard are completed.

FARM NO. 3

A concrete foundation for a larger brooder house has been laid.

Another incubator has been installed which gives us a greater capacity for a larger stock of poultry, which we hope to have this summer.

The woods are being cleared of all trees affected with the Chestnut blight.

Several hundred pounds of poultry and shoats were taken to Philadelphia.

Horticultural Department

The carnation crop of this winter is one of the finest yet produced by us.

Daily shipments of choice carnations, narcissis and callalilies are being sent to Philadelphia.

A thousand lettuce plants have been set out in the upper house.

Poetry Department

A "Hall" hot water incubator with a capacity for fifteen hundred eggs is installed in the new incubator cellar.

The brooder house is being remodeled and will be equipped with stove brooders.

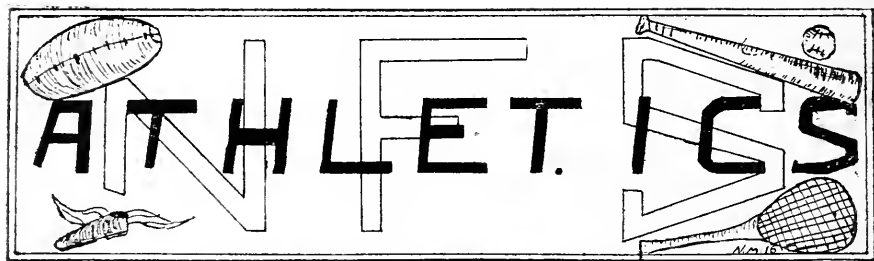
A poultry house for 125 fowls has been erected above our colony houses near Lake Archer. These houses have been enclosed with a wire fence.

There are meters iambic
And meters Trochaic
And meters in musical tone,
But the meter that's neater,
Completer,
And sweeter,
Is to meter in moonlight—alone.
Ex.

(Continued from page 4)

that we all should be then struck me. For the briefest second I considered, and then determined, without time to retreat, that the death of all would be too great a sacrifice of life. In my dilemma I became cool-headed, simply from the necessity of so doing. The time to tell of all that flashed through my brain is ages compared to the time actually required. In this awful moment I realized I could save one, either my wife or my mother. I cried out in my helplessness "Which, oh Lord, which?" No longer could I hesitate; so after a last fond embrace I permitted one limb firm to slide from my grasp into the relentless waters."

The horror of the picture struck me dumb. I could not say a word to the old man who broke down at this point; he sobbed aloud and the tears must have streamed through his fingers as his hands covered the time and care-worn face. Suddenly I was roused from my stupor by hearing my name called repeatedly. I hesitated to leave the old man. Of course I wanted to hear which woman had been saved, yet I could not intrude upon his weeping with the question. I arose and hastened to see who was calling me, intending to return to my storyteller at once. I found that a telegram had arrived for me. Immediately upon signing the messenger's receipt I hurried back to my companion—but he was gone. VICTOR KOPPEL FISCHLOVITZ, '17.



SAMUEL DORFMAN '16, *Editor.*

"Swish, bang crash! Oh boy, look at him go across the ice! Puck flies through the net, bang—goal!"

This description of a hockey enthusiast giving vent to his pent up feelings.

Skating and Hockey reign supreme!

Lake Archer is the scene where many hearts and bodies fall and rise during a hockey game.

Farm School has a wealth of hockey material, but owing to lack of finances and playing facilities, cannot turn out a team.

Basket Ball is another sport in which Farm School would shine. But again the same difficulties as stated above prevent us from entering the Basket Ball world.

It is hoped that the alumni will display their "Farm School spirit" and give more support to the Athletic Association.

At a regular meeting of the Athletic Association, the following officers were elected:

President—B. H. Ezrin, '16.

Vice-President—N. Magram, '16

Sec.-Treas.—A. S. Levintow, '16
Auditing Committee.

S. Dorfman, '16—*Chairman.*

B. Kesselman, '16.

S. Wolf, '17.

Track Manager—A. Klevansky, '16.

Football Manager—P. Hancharau, '16.

Baseball Manager—C. J. Toor, '16.

Candy Manager—S. Radler, '17.

Asst. Manager—A. Caimen, '17.

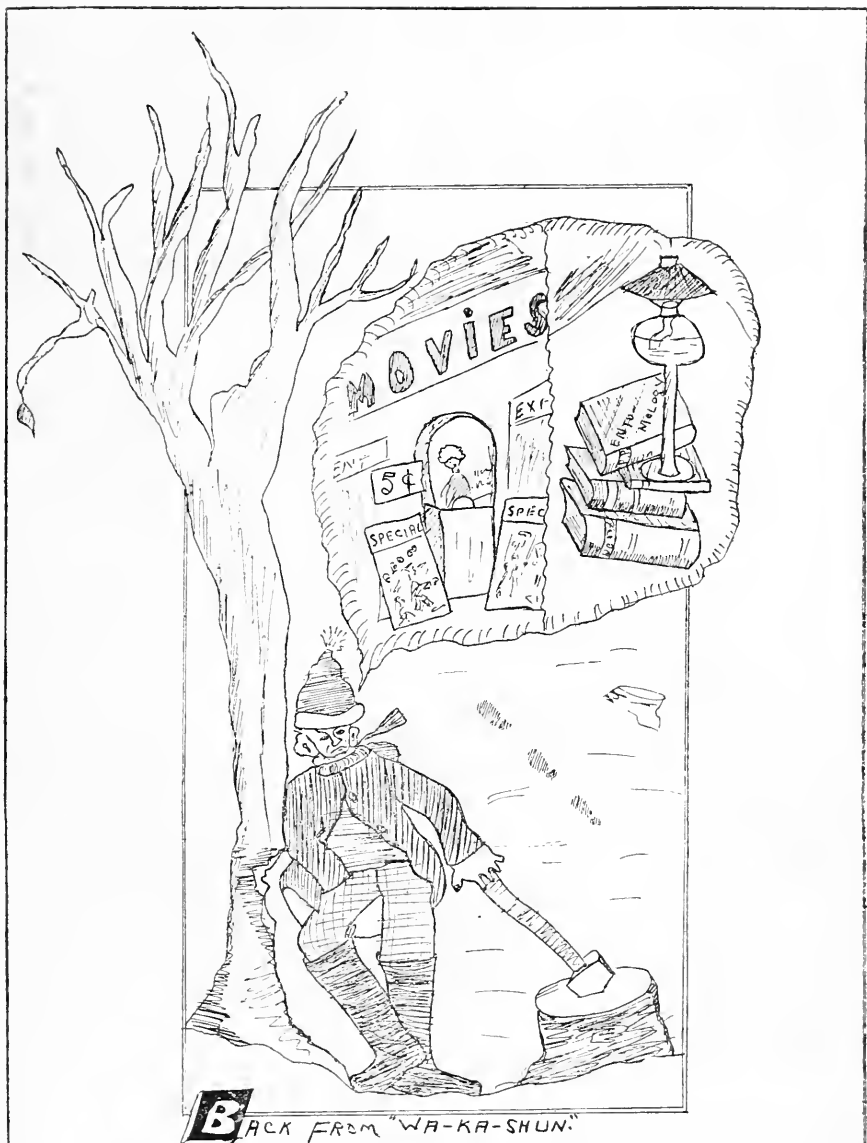
Cheer Leader—M. Barnet, '17.

Tennis Manager—W. Moreinis.

Although the baseball season is several months away, the spirit has already aroused some of the veterans who are busily engaged in indoor practice in Northman Hall.

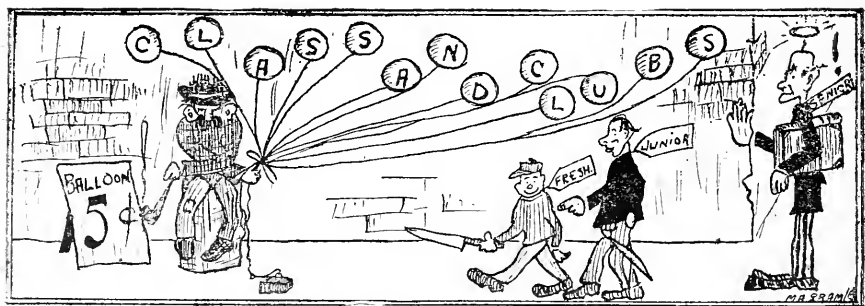
Manager Toor is arranging a schedule for the coming season and so far has secured four games.

Any secondary school desiring good games should address the manager, Farm School, Pa.



BACK FROM "WA-KA-SHUN."

PS. - THIS WONDERFUL WORK OF ART
WAS RECENTLY APPRAISED
AT \$31,402.67



Nathan Magram, Editor

CLASS OF 1915.

Another month and '15 will disappear from this column and another number will take its place. But it will never be erased from the hearts of men.

For did we not fight shoulder to shoulder on the baseball field on the track and on the gridiron. Did we not contribute fully our share towards the GLEANER and the literary society for the honor and glory of our class and school. Then Go forth ye soldiers bold

With the colors Crimson and Gold
With the plow for your shield
And the hoe for your sword
Bring honor and glory
For the Green and the Gold.

H. S.

CLASS OF 1916.

—The advent of the New Year hastened our resolutions to really get to work and accomplish something. We vowed to burn mil-

light oil when need be i.e., when the "game" is not over before the lights go out.

The recent GLEANER election netted us several representatives. In the Athletic Association we are fairly well represented.

We extremely regret the departure of Mr. Ellis who through unforeseen circumstances was obliged to meet the world sooner than expected.

B. W.

CLASS OF 1917.

With the opening of the new year our class earnestly resolves to reap the benefit of this year's work and studies.

The 1917 Agricultural Club promises success to its members as shown by the interest and enthusiasm at the meetings.

Our class was ably represented on the GLEANER staff.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

— —

Slowly but steadily we are nearing our goal. The interclass debates are about to end. So far the Junior class is leading with ten points closely followed by the Senior and Freshman classes, with five points each.

The loss of Mr. Ellis who left school is felt severely by us, as his literary ability could hardly be exceeded.

S. D., '10.

—o—

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

(In Germany.)

— — —

Listen my children and you shall hear

Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere;

Over the hills and over the dale

Upon his arm hung a beer pail,

Sizzling and foaming it over-
flowed,

Falling all over the dusty road,

At Revere's call the dutchman
arose,

The smell of beer reached his
sensitive nose,

He gripped his gun, and at a very
fast rate,

Dashed down the path, jumped
over the gate,

Instead of the foe he met his
friend,

And to drinking the beer his ef-
forts did bend,

What cared he whether win or
lose

His battle was to drink all the
booze.

He drank so much, that very soon
His belly inflated like a large
balloon,

The next occurrence is one that's
queer:

Like a balloon he rose into the at-
mosphere,

As higher he went he struggled
in vain

Trying to get back to earth again.

— — —

H.

The Allies were coming! They
'spied the balloon,

The commander gave orders:
rifles boomed,

Bullets flew round him, thick and
fast,

None seemed to strike him, until
the last,

His belly exploded with a deafen-
ing sound

Downward he fell 'till he struck
the ground,

As he descended he uttered a
scream,

And to his delight it proved only
a dream.

* * *

His wife objecting to his loud
snore,

Had violently pushed 'till he fell
to the floor,

This last explains of the dream of
beer

And the midnight ride of Paul
Revere.

S. DORFMAN, '10.

QUESTION BOX.

BY THE WAY

Dear Editor:

Kindly explain the metamorphosis on Hyman's brow?

Answer.—Nothing serious happened, merely, Mr. Morenis inventor of the knifeless operation performed his duty and operated on his brow, and an incomplete metamorphosis took place.—Editor.

Dear Editor:

Who is "Billy" Sunday?

Answer.—"Billy" Sunday is a baseball player who pitches the gospel instead of balls, who chases after the devil and presumes its a batted ball who swears at an audience and thinks it too umpire.—Editor.

Dear Editor:

Why is it difficult for me to obtain tenants for a nicely furnished room at very reasonable rates?

Answer.—Because the trenches of Europe offer free board and lodging.—Editor.

Dear Editor:

Could a woman become president of the U. S. if she were allowed to vote?

Answer.—No; a woman never reaches the age of 35.—Editor.

The entire Freshman class passed the recent entomology exams. Evidently "bugs" have a great affinity for Freshmen.

The Nature Study Club is constantly progressing. They have already canned a few "bugs" and pickled a half dozen worms.

Tobalsky shortened his name to Tobi. Doc thinks it strictly coincides with his ambition. Uncle "Harmon" thinks he will have to go some to beat his four-legged favorite.

"Doc" left his job on account of a belief. He believed if he didn't they'd hang him.

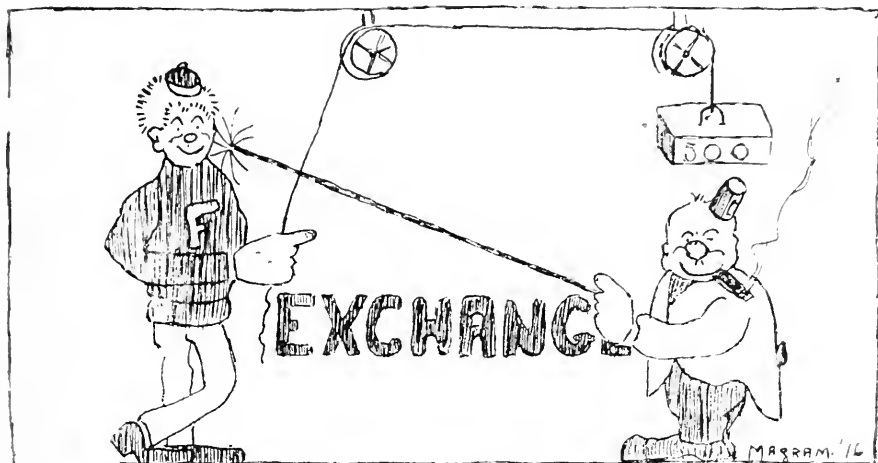
Burton refrains from shaving because it is too monotonous.

With the introduction of Bible Culture on our curriculum, Jess Wolf has the hives already.

Latest anthropological discoveries place Klevansky, Schwartz and Fischlowitz in the Uridaceae family.

Poor "Frank"! His "soul" entered the "path of the righteous", his carcass entered the tankard factory his loss entered in Doc's pocket. Even Tobi's favorite and ideal, the belly swing couldn't save him.

All we get in Plant Pathology is diseases.



BENJAMIN WADE, Editor

Now, that we are as busy passing resolutions as "Billy" Sunday in chasing the devil, a resolution to strive for the attainment of the better parts of our contemporaries is truly in order. None of us is perfect. Everyone of our exchange friends bring something from which we could gladly learn. We, therefore, welcome many exchange friends and more criticsans.

We take this opportunity to express our gratitude to all our contemporaries who through their advice and criticisms aided us toward our goal for a greater perfection.

We gratefully beg to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges:

• The *Garnet and White*, the *Student* (Covington, Ky.), the *Pioneer*, the *Blue Bird*, the *Archives*, *Hilltop*, the *Bulletin* (Montclair, N. J.), *Southron*, *Stevens School Review*, *Brown and White*, the

Mirror (Bethlehem, Pa.), the *Junto*, *Red and Black* (Tampa, Fla.), *Orange and Black the Record* (H. A. S., Woodbine, N. J.), *Courier*, *Mirror* (Central High), *Irwinian*, *Shamokin Review*, the *Oracle* (Cincinnati, Ohio), *My Airy World*, *Delaware College Review*, *Commerce Caravel*, *Wisc-Acres* (Ambler Horticultural School), the *Iris*, the *Advocate*, the *Pivot*, the *Orient*.

Junto.—"All is well that ends well," can safely be applied to your story the "Ring of Steel" which for two months held the readers in suspense.

The *Oracle* (Cincinnati).—After a long absence we are glad to welcome you again on our exchange desk.

Red and Black (Tampa, Fla.). Your paper is well balanced. Smoother paper and larger type would give your magazine a neater and more attractive appearance.

At the Sixth Annual Convention of the Federation of Jewish Farmers of America which was recently held in the City of New York, Farm School was ably represented by a number of her older graduates who are located in the vicinity.

Julius Ullman '08-'15, recently bought a well-equipped dairy farm eight miles from Savannah, Georgia. Julius intends to build up a herd of registered Guernseys. May success crown his efforts.

Henry Blume (Spike), '14, who until recently was connected with Mr. James Work, '13, is now on his way to Texas where he will spend some time with his parents and relations. In March, "Spike" will again journey to the North to take charge of a herd of registered Guernseys at Delaware Gap, Pa.

Joseph Rosenthal, '14, is in charge of seventy-five acres of truck and woodland at Forkel River, N. J.

J. Anderson, '07, who while at school, had charge of Farm No. 2, which is now known as "Kraft's Place," is operating a fifty-five acre farm of his own. He is engaged in diversified farming and in breeding white leghorns. He re-Mater" and related his experiences recently paid a visit to his "Alma

in life to the boys to whom his words held a splendid encouragement.

N. Feldman, '08, is a senior at the University of Pennsylvania Veterinary Department.

Harry Lebeson, '09 is pursuing the same course at the Ohio State University.

Julius Levin, '17 is cultivating his own farm of one hundred and fifty acres outside of Providence, R.I. Since leaving school he encountered wide experiences in practical and commercial farming.

Hyman Wolff, '14 is manager of a large diversified farm at New Canaan, N. Y. As a manager he is quite successful, and hopes soon to concentrate all his efforts and energies on a farm of his own.

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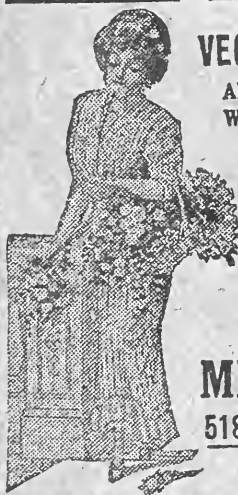
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